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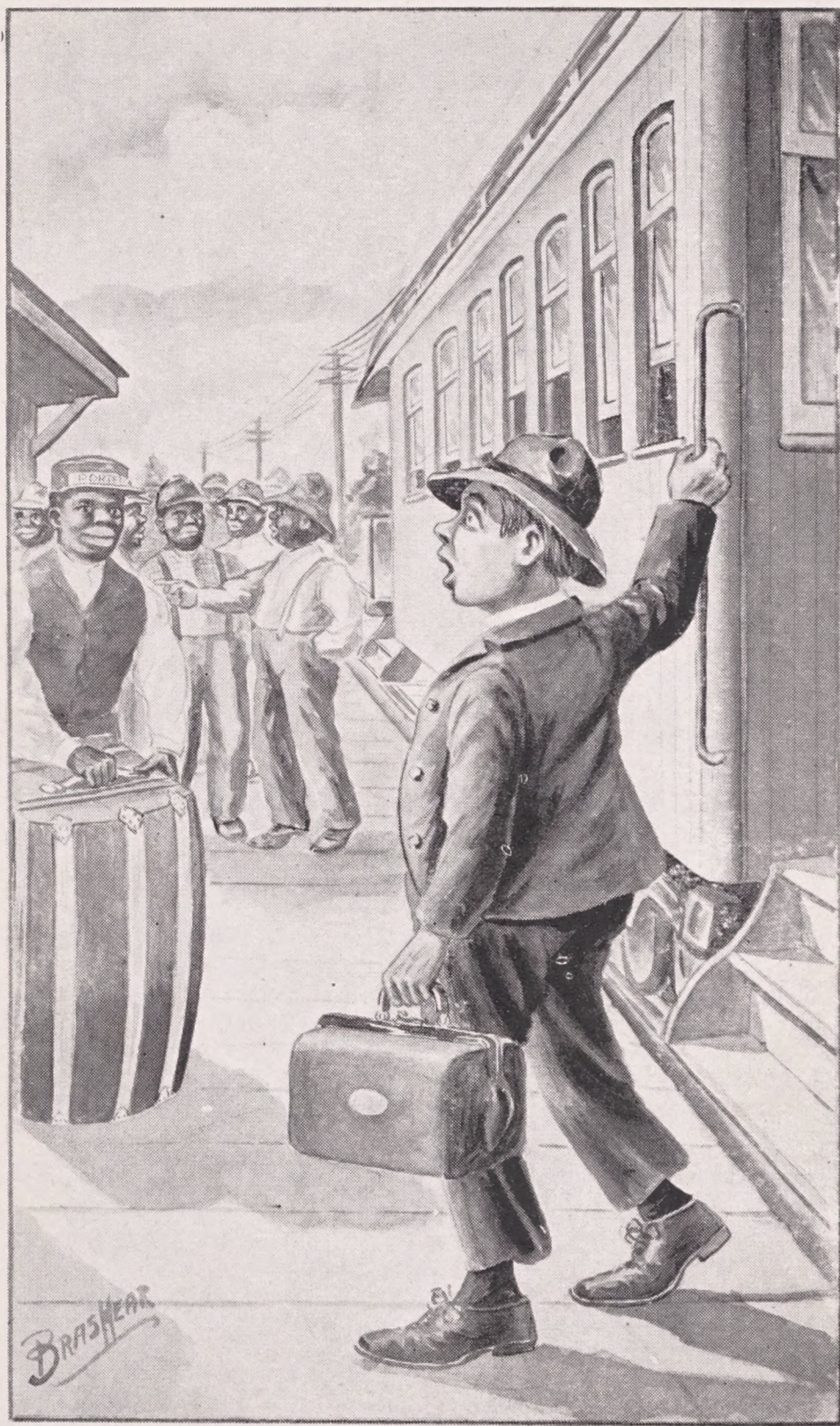
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It's All In
The Breakin' In



"Jimmie's Arrival at M——"

It's All In The Breakin' In

By
JIMMIE BATES

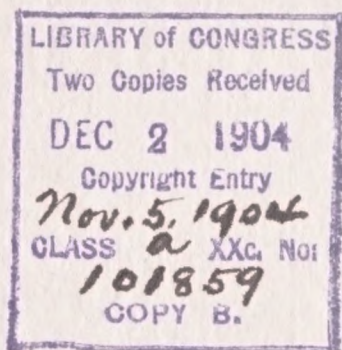
Z. J. Guilbeault



St Louis

1904

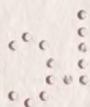
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BY

C. B. HARRIS



*To the Public in general and to those good
fellows who help to make brighter the
dark spots in life, this book is most
affectionately dedicated.*

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece.

"Jimmie's Arrival at M———" ✓

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Up Against a New Proposition

“**Y**ES—just in—and if being in has any sympathy with staying—here’s where I’m going to stop, for I’m seasick with this drifting along. A fellow when starting out generally thinks the wind blows just the right direction, but he certainly finds it a different proposition before he has gone very far. It takes a mighty good old codger to avoid running up against the sand banks now-a-days, and I know what I’m talking about, for I’ve been bumped, rubbed and monkeyed with until I think I’m the original human Kahau.

“So, one more review of my breaking into America and it's good old ways—then me to the ranks of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

“'Pon my word, Bates, all these bumps go a long way toward helping make a man of a fellow and I'll swear if things hadn't happened as they have with me, I'd be milkin' Old Green Grass heifers right now; I don't mean to say that milkin' heifers is not the right thing to do, but I think a fellow ought to look for something better, don't you? So here I am with a fair assortment of knowing to make the start, and, again, while we finish our cigars, I will try and repeat the story of my experience in 'breakin' in" to the ways of this good old country, of which we are so proud.

"You've met with those smart little jewels of fifteen, haven't you? 'Johnny Wise' to everything and never having been 'up against it,' ready to attempt anything. Well, I was one of those little beauties and one day I decided to visit a friend of the family who was living in the small town of M——, and thought it would be quite a trick to take them by surprise, but soon found out that this surprise proposition was not a joke. This was my first visit in a Central State or in a community where my native language was not spoken. English was to me then what Chinese is today. 'Yes' and 'No' was the limit of my knowledge of this language and I didn't even know when to use these two words. Talk about your handicap, eh?

"M—— is a small town of which it would be a hard matter to decide who has the majority—the whites or the blacks. The depot is situated in a locality which the white folks call 'Nigger Town,' and you bet it's a pretty cloudy neighborhood.

"In my time there was no such thing as a negro in the country I came from. I had often read about them, but always understood they were a sort of wild animal. At times when I kicked about my mother's cooking, and her biscuits being out of shape, pale and sickly looking, she would tell me to stop my kicking or she would give me to a negro. Just the name would turn me into a little angel and I'd eat any old thing she'd put in front of me. To this day I have very little or no use for the 'Coon.'

"Well, as I started to say, I took my little grip in hand, bade farewell to my family and started out full of confidence in my ability to overcome any obstacles which might arise on my entrance among new people and strange surroundings.

"It was just about sunrise when the train pulled into the depot at M——. The conductor came up, took my ticket and said something that evidently meant 'This is where you get off,' as he took me by the arm and lead me out, leaving me with a wave of the hand as much as to say, 'Good luck to you, kid.'

"I had written that I would be apt to drop in any day, but didn't say exactly which day, and, of course, there wasn't any one at the depot to meet me. As is generally the case, if negroes live near a

railroad station, they come pretty nearly seeing everybody who comes in.

“The whole ‘Nigger Town’ must have been there that morning. This was the first time I had ever gazed upon their ebony countenances, with the exception of one who entered the car on my trip down and nearly threw me into a fit. Never having seen so many of the black faces before, the thought of being surrounded by what appeared to be a million came nearer putting me to the bad than anything that ever happened to me before or since. I thought surely I had taken the wrong train and landed in Africa among the Mad Mulah, or some other seaport, didn’t know where. If I could have sprouted wings at that moment I would certainly have taken to the air.

“While in this nervous and frightened condition, my eyes, in seeking an outlet from the apparently hopeless predicament in which I found myself, discovered a white man standing at the far end of the platform and I immediately steered my course toward him as a sailor does to a lighthouse in time of storm.

“He saw I was looking for protection and met me half way. He asked many questions to which I could only reply ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’ He made a sign for me to follow him, which I did, and closely, too. Ever since that occasion I’ve been thankful that I wasn’t so dull as to miss out on signs; if I had, it would have been all up with me. Jimmie would certainly have had to walk out of the United States, for my pocket could not have been held up for more than a measly \$1.17.

“During our walk to town I did the most sensible thing I’d ever done in my life, and that was to write down on a piece of paper the name of the man whom I was seeking and showed it to my guide. He nodded his head in acknowledgment and laughed.

“He then took me to a drug store, where I began to feel proud, glad and full of good humor, thinking sure I would surprise my friend, but was disappointed again. A fellow will sometimes meet with some serious obstructions when he thinks his way clear. My friend had left the day before to visit the Chicago World’s Fair. I hope some lobster got a similar dose at the St. Louis Exposition as that I received during my first experience.

"While my escort and the clerk discussed my situation, I stood there like a man who has a bad case of indigestion. I imagined everything that could possibly run through a boy's mind, and more, too.

"They decided to take me to my friend's house. This was certainly a very kind act, even though it was a pretty tough proposition, as I afterwards found out.

"When the clerk took me by the arm, saying something which I concluded must mean 'Follow me,' I was undecided as to whether it would be the right thing to do or not. I thought the drug store was good enough for me.

"However, after a little deliberation and some laughing on the part of my new-found friends, I followed.

"My nerves were becoming a little shaky because I couldn't understand why the people I wanted couldn't be found.

"At the house we were met by the servant girl. She and the clerk had quite a lengthy conversation before I understood that it was the place where I was to stay.

"The girl then took my hat and at the same time handed me a letter, which was from my friend, saying he had written in case I arrived while he was away; that he and his wife would be gone for two or three weeks, possibly longer, and gave suggestions as to what I should do to pass away the time to keep from getting homesick. The Lord knows what a lovely time I had.

"The girl knew who I was all right, and had received instructions as to how

to handle me. I don't know whether she followed close instructions or not; anyway, she certainly made a side show of me.

"After the clerk had gone she sat beside me and talked for four hours—and she thought I was interested, too. Many times since that day I have felt that I would give a great deal to know what she was talking about. It really must have been something 'rich,' from the way she would be convulsed with laughter.

"All this time I was wondering how often 'eating time' came around in this country, for I certainly needed something under my belt, as it had been some time since I'd had anything to eat. I had grown so thin that I could touch my backbone by pressing lightly on my

stomach. I actually couldn't tell whether I had the stomach ache or the back ache.

"Were you ever so hungry that the sight of anything good to eat made the water drop from your mouth like the sap from a maple tree? Well, that explains my case exactly. To my way of thinking, it would have been a great deal more interesting had she taken me by the arm and shown the way to something to eat. A fellow is in for it bad when he is hungry and can't tell it. There is nothing to do but wait until it's brought to you.

"The thought must have occurred to her that a fellow who has been traveling is liable to get hungry some time, for she went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. This was a case where a man has to take things as easy as possible and make the best of the worst that might happen.

"I was deeply interested in the situation in which I found myself, when I heard a bell ringing. I couldn't understand for the world why a bell was ringing at this time of the day. It occurred to me that my father used to go after his bees with a small bell when they ran away, and would soon return with the whole swarm.

"I listened for a moment—the bell kept on ringing, just as father's used to do, so I decided that somebody's bees had run off and rushed out to see if I could locate them around the house.

"Just as I was going out of the door the girl caught me by the arm and rang that bell close to my ear, all the way to the dining room.

"Now, I don't mind the ringing of a

bell at a distance—but I'll be dogged if I like it when it's right into my ear, but didn't say anything or make demonstrations of any kind—I was too hungry and didn't care to take chances on missing my dinner, now that it was before me.

“I sat down to the table feeling as light, as a feather-weight and left it, only after everything had been cleaned out, swelled up like a toad. Upon leaving the table the girl remarked that I must have been hungry. To her astonishment I answered ‘No.’ She looked at me, then at the table, and laughed. It was a long time before I could understand why she laughed so hard, unless it was an expression of joy that I had left the dishes.

“I surely did justice to that meal, for the back of my neck was actually sore from



“Looking For the Bees”

the excessive throwing down of meat, potatoes, bread and butter and occasionally a little tea between bites. To abbreviate the story a little, I had room for the goods and certainly used every inch of space.

“After dinner the girl showed me through the house, explained everything and told me the price of every article. I didn’t know what she was talking about, but have since learned that that was her intention. It’s wonderful how a woman can find out the cost of everything in her neighbor’s house.

“Finally she led me to a cozy little corner where stood a large framed picture—a young man who had a girl in his arms, kissing her for all there was in it—with the inscription at the bottom of it,

'In a Lover's Corner.' It was a plain case of being cornered all right.

"While I stood there and admired this picture in a quiet sort of way, my friend patted me on the cheek. All that sort of thing might have gone in those days, but let some damsel come that game on me now. There is no use in talking—the lady would have a different story to tell.

"The name of this senorita is Lediablenboiteux, the definition of which is 'The Devil on Two Sticks.' Now, from the first day I saw this lady, I thought she was full of mischief, and after learning the full meaning of her name I considered myself a pretty good judge of human nature.

"When the time came to prepare supper she said something which I construed

as meaning that the evening meal would be very light. I answered 'No,' and after she got through telling about the things she was going to have she left, giving me the ha! ha! Now, do you think it is pleasant to be laughed at? With me it depends altogether as to the circumstances and often as to who does the laughing.

"I was glad that supper was being prepared for I was pretty hungry, even though I had eaten very liberally at dinner, and, judging from the length of time the lady had taken to tell what kind of a supper we were to have, of course, I thought it would be a repetition of the mid-day affair and was therefore glorying in anticipation.

"While I was absorbed with the

thought of a royal supper, I heard that bell ring again; it was the same girl, too. This time I was certainly up in the air for true. To my way of thinking she was becoming pretty darned insulting. This was the second time she had rung that bell at me. I thought it was nothing but pure unadulterated meanness, and decided not to pay any attention to her at all. She came into the room where I was, took me by the arm and escorted me to the table, ringing the bell for all she was worth and carrying with her one of those smiles that makes a fellow feel like a gibbering idiot. I couldn't see the joke at all. What right had she to ring a bell at me? There wasn't anything about me that looked like a bee or insect of any kind; and to think I had to put up with such doings for two long weeks.

“When I sat down to the table, what did I get? Nothing but bread and butter, and vcery little of that. There was three kinds of stuff to drink, but she gave me the very one I didn’t care for. If course, I suppose she asked me which I would have, coffee, milk or beer. And, of course, I answered ‘Yes.’ She gave me coffee; why couldn’t she have grabbed the beer bottle instead of the coffee pot? This is enough to show you what kind of luck I was up against. It was a clear case of take what you can get.

“At bed time she took me to the room I was to occupy, turned down the bed cover, took my head between her hands as though she were handling a plaster-paris bust, or as if I had been labeled ‘Handle with care,’ and forced me to lean

and fall on the bed, and, to finish her work, forced my head down into the pillow as much as to say that a bed was a thing to lie down on.

"She didn't have to do that, because where I came from the people lie down in bed, too. It is true that the ways of this country are very different, but they don't vary so much that I thought Americans stood up in bed to sleep.

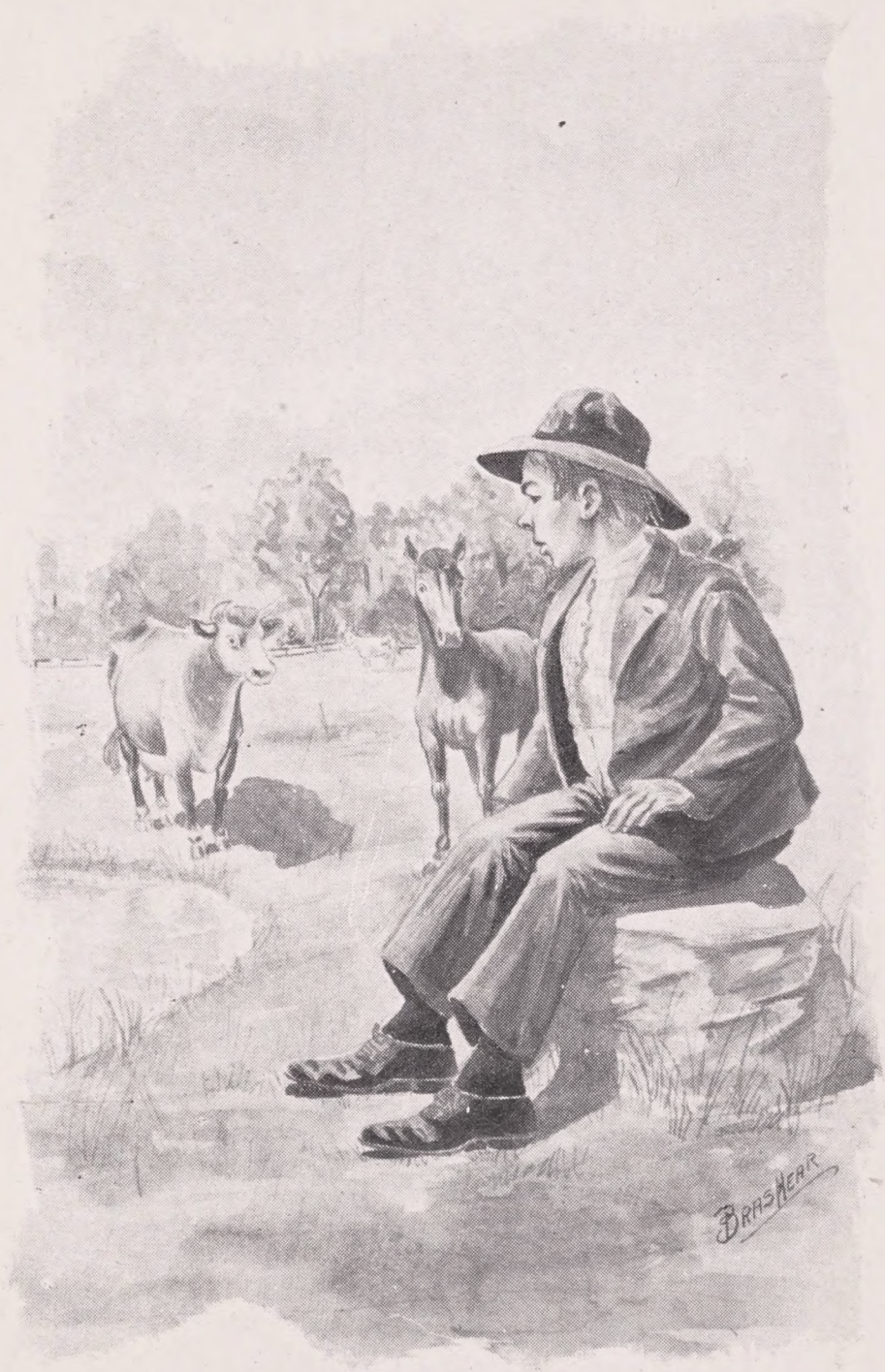
"I might as well have stayed up all night, for all the good the bed did me. The way this damsel was spreading it over me was a little more than my nervous system would stand for. Sleeping was all out of the question; the ring of that bell played 'Hello' in my ears all night, and I expected that some stray bees would land on my countenance at any moment.

"I tell you I got mighty blue during that night, and in the morning decided to take a walk to town. While walking to the village I noticed everybody on both sides of the street were looking at me with such a 'What-in-the-devil-is-the-matter' look, that I wondered if there was something wrong with me; thought I would take a look at myself, too—perhaps in my nervous and excited condition I had forgotten to put on my pants or something; everything imaginable was in my mind. I cut across a small lot to a pasture where horses were standing in the shade, taking life easy. I hadn't heard about the horse laugh then, or I wouldn't have gone there, you bet.

"I sat down to sum up my situation and came to the conclusion that the best

thing for me to do, as I was broke, was to face the music. Perhaps it was a peculiar way these American people have of announcing the time to feed, or, the Yankee bees had a bad habit of running off just about meal time—they differed in that sense from me, for I certainly wanted my feet under some one's table when eating time came around, and that difference alone, I thought, was sufficient for any human with a particle of horse sense to see I didn't belong to any species of insect and know that the music of a bell was unnecessary. But we all have our way of assembling the different families, and the bell is used to assemble the Americans at the table.

“Well, to make a long story short, my experience while awaiting the return of



“Summing Up the Situation”

my friends from the World's Fair in Chicago was one series of mishaps and ludicrous misunderstandings. I spent the time in getting acquainted with the 'city' and its inhabitants as best I could, and managed to exist in a sort of a way until the arrival of my friends at home put an end to my suffering.

"I spent the next few years in that town trying to become accustomed to the manners and way of living of the people and acquiring the language which was so necessary to my welfare.

"The World's Fair agitation some few years ago caused me to come to this, the Central City of the Louisiana Purchase, and finish among the cosmopolitan surroundings of the World's Fair the process of 'breakin' in."

GREAT CELEBRATIONS

Great Celebrations---The Hotbed of Novel Experiences

ALL these great celebrations afford many opportunities for good and novel experiences. Talk about experiences—a fellow can step up against more live wires in St. Louis now at raised prices than any other place on the face of the earth. For example, the World's Fair Dollar is a favorite at One to Three; this is the best thing on the programme.

On the square it's getting to be a serious question with me. I've been boarding with the same family for several years, paying a dollar a day for their hospitality, and you may hang me if they

haven't come to the conclusion that they are doing a kind act by keeping me. In the face of such circumstances what's a fellow going to do—there's nothing to it but play the game. Let me give you a tip right here—nobody gets the cream of anything during any of these grand celebrations except the landlords, unless it's taken right from the cow. I pride myself on having a pretty long reach when it comes to fighting for everything in sight, but don't think I'm getting anything better at present than skimmed milk, and very little of that. 'The old folks' pocket-book is being fattened at present. 'The only article that hasn't gone up is the hot air that such and such a fellow is going to have concessions. 'The air is full of 'em. Every house has been taken and filled to the utmost capacity.

The streets are alive with people of all nationalities. All your friends and all your relations, uncles, aunts, cousins, grandmas, and grandpas—in fact, people whom you never dreamed or thought of as being your kinfolks are beginning to pop in on you, and you are expected to face the music with a smile. When the game turns to such a state of affairs I think it's high time to work overtime on the flying machine.

Why, just the other day, while going down the street, I heard a sort of a silvery voice calling, "Hello, Jim! Hello, Jim." Upon turning around I found it was my old friend Lediabableboiteaux. The old girl who sat me down before the first meal I had in this country, and, while she raised the devil with me, I still had

a soft spot for her within me and couldn't turn her down cold.

There is no use in being unkind to any one, if you can get some one else to deliver the goods for you or take the job off your hands. We shook hands and talked about old times. She had changed very much since I last saw her; however, the change was for the better. According to her story, a rich uncle had left her some money, and it didn't take her long to tell me that she did not have to work in the kitchen any more—she looked it.

She had on one of the latest style close fitting skirts with lots of those flimsy things around the bottom of it, and a large picture hat which seemed to add a piquancy to her already very attractive countenance. In fact, Bates, she was

what you might call a 'warm member.' Anyway, she has turned out to be one of those girls you can't shake off in one moment. You simply have to wait until she tells you good-bye.

I stood there and listened to her until I got real nervous, but there was nothing to do but to stick to it. I suggested that we move to a restaurant. After spending an hour or so there we moseyed to her boarding house. Here she played the piano—sang and played the clever act all evening. A more surprised person than myself could not have been found anywhere.

This Miss Pauline Lediab!eboiteaux—don't forget the name—has turned out to be a perfect dream. She is tall, shapely, has a military disposition, and can

give the latest kangaroo walk, as though she had been raised to it. My first visit was not the last, and now the word goes around that I'm head over heels in love with her.

It is when she holds up her dress during rainy days that she catches my eye, and I, "Johnny on the spot" every time—she certainly can display an article that looks like the real stuff—nothing but pure, solid, substantial material. The credit is all hers and not to the cotton.

A FRIENDLY TIP---NIT

A Friendly Tip---Nit

BATES says she is the finest piece of furniture he has seen in a long time and wishes he could get in line himself. I had been talking to Bates about this girl for some time and from the way I had been doping her up to him he thought he was fairly well acquainted with her, and was anxious to meet her—would take almost any means to accomplish that end. So I was suspicious of his actions and never would take much stock in his advice. He was one of those pretty good looking fellows with winning ways, and had a machine about his face, which, when once started, it was a hard

proposition to stop. He came in one evening, saying: "Jim, I've come to talk common sense with you; can I do it?"

"Certainly, I would like to hear you talk good horse sense, if you can," I said.

"I don't want you to go up in the air when the subject gets a little warm."

"Of course not; there are enough microbes in the air now."

"Well," started Bates, "you are going with this Miss Pauline; I've been watching you for some time and the other day I diagnosed your case to be a very bad one; so much so that you are wall-eyed over her. She is a very fine girl, but you will never do for her. Did you ever stop to think of the difference there is between you two?"

"She is what I call a large woman and

you a small man. In no kind of an argument would you stand any show—why, if that woman was to fall on you, there would be nothing left but a grease spot. If you were to marry her, she would lead you around by the nose like she would a parrot.”

“W-e-l-l,” I interrupted.

“Wait ’till I’m through,” continued Bates, “then you will have your say so. Now suppose you would bark loud enough to this Frauline and she’d marry you ; I’d certainly take you to be a foolish puppy. You certainly would have to quit sleeping in dog fashion, and use the railing of the bed as a safeguard. I wouldn’t like to see you participate in that game. I’ve got too much regard for your old bones.

“From the point of feminine beauty

her equal is hard to find; but, on the other hand, if you look at her from top to bottom and on all sides, you'll notice the tough problem the man will be up against who undertakes to handle it. Oh! my boy, what a job it'll be. You know she has already made you feel like a piece of bad money.

"Take my case of last year. I came nearer strolling down the aisle with that damsel of mine than I ever hope to again. When I started to win that fairy, didn't I get it good and handsome? How many times did she make me feel like a plugged nickel? The count on my fingers and toes wouldn't begin to tell you the story. Many a time I've left her house feeling like a dog that had swallowed a bone and been kicked in the face for going on strange grounds to get it.



“Pauline”

"What do I do now? If she tells me that Billy Murry of Chicago is coming to see her next week, I don't tell her he is a good-for-nothing fellow and all that sort of rot. Why, I'm glad that he is coming, as I'm going to see Billy's sister that very same week."

"I think you are about half way right in your argument," I remarked.

"Jim, did you ever sleep with your old dad, and in your dreams light into the old gentleman with both hands, thinking it was your girl; smooth his hair, pat him on the face, and love him so hard that he would wake up disgusted with your affection and call you down, saying: 'Break away! Break away! Who in the devil do you think I am? If you don't stay away from me, I'll roll you to helan-

gone.'? Well, that's me a thousand times over. Isn't such dreams and disappointment all the stuff though? It makes a well developed case of D. T.'s look like peaceful slumber. This goes to show that there is nothing in the calendar a fellow in love won't do.

"I'll tell you," continued Bates after some hesitation, "I'm a firm believer in that old saying that all good things are brought to your door, and am one of those guys who is going to wait, too."

"Now, Bates, I've been listening to you with a sort of suspicious feeling, but I don't think you would talk to me as you have and then at the first opportunity jump into my shoes, would you?"

"Of course not, Jim; we've been friends too long for that. Let's go to

Gib's Place and have a drink and we'll forget all about our little troubles."

Gib's is certainly a place where a fellow will forget his troubles, if he stays long enough. There's where many of the old boys meet for a social time and many of 'em wander back home singing, "In the Morning, Bye and Bye."

We met a couple of Bates' friends there and were invited to take a smile; after a few rounds it appeared to me as though there would be no end to the game, so decided to take it very gently. Bates, however, was going the limit at every round, and the weight of his package was beginning to tell on him, and the time wasn't far off when he would be over-weighted; so decided that it was time for us to move on.

"Wait, just another," said Bates, "then we'll go." Another round was ordered and then we started for home—and the last one is the one that generally does the biz.

"Jim (hic)—(hic) I (hic) think (hic) you'd (hic) better walk to (hic) street car (hic) with me (hic)." We walked to the car together arm in arm, helping each other to carry our little freight. Bates, when a little polluted, tries to be a sort of humorist, and as we entered the car he began to crack jokes.

Let me give you a tip right here—never help a man home who takes a jag along with him. I'm talking experience to you. Drop him in the sewer and let him go down the river with the rest of the refuse. Charity begins at home; you

can't be charitable to yourself and help a man home who can't carry his package.

The result of my helping Bates home is that I'm sitting here with two lovely shiners. The party who handed me the rosettes certainly landed fair and square between my optics. In a pinch, Bates could have carried his load home by himself; that is, with a clear and wide road. I'll never again help another home.

We occupied the last seat in the car—did this in case Bates should get seasick. He began to tell me the funny side of his family troubles and when he saw I wasn't much interested he switched onto the conductor. He called the attention of the passengers to the conductor's shirt-tail, which was gazing through the rear end of his pajamas; told him that he was

dressed very poorly for a man who jerked nickels and let his own conscience judge as to the salary he should receive, and made many other remarks that few men would stand for, even though they were true.

The Knight of the Bell Cord stepped up and belted him a few, and when I tried to argue the question with him he folded his big mit and threw it at me, and before the storm was over the lump had struck me right between the eyes. You ought to see my daguerreotype. If the face is the index of the mind, you'd certainly think I had a very rot-chapter in my reservoir. Then the reception we received at his home is something that no sane man could forget. His father literally lit into us with both feet; he being

a temperance man from way back, nothing else could be expected. The old gentleman told us how rotten we were; he wished that both of us had fallen in the barrel and drowned.

Well, sir, the lecture had such an effect on Bates that he began to act like a drowning man right away. The water oozed from his mouth in a big stream—a regular Beaumont gusher. Things were very warm at the old house and I nailed my situation in a holy minute as extremely hot, and left.

THE RESULT OF
DIPLOMACY



The Result of Diplomacy

“**B**ATES, what did you tell me the other day about this Miss Pauline?”

“What did I tell you? Why, I told you she wasn’t the girl for you, of course.”

“Well, what in the devil are you doing with her, then?”

“Why, I think she’s just the proper caper for me; it takes diplomacy to win now-a-days.”

“Oh, is that the way you work things? You advise a fellow to drop the works and you take hold of the pan while it’s still steaming. All right, my tall friend, you’ll hear from me again.”

"Now, here, you little two-by-four, don't you make any threats. You look as though you hadn't got over the last blow she gave you."

"Let me tell you one thing, Bates, don't come at me with any more diplomatic advices of yours, or you'll get in bad."

"Now, now, Jim, don't go off in a flurry; it's best for us to be friends. I want you to go out and have a good time with me Tuesday night. I'm going to preside at the Alpha Bata ball, which is to be given in Berry, and is going to be something very swell. I've got Pauline's company for that night, and I intend to cut a big figure with her that evening. I'll find another girl for you, and the treat is on me if you don't enjoy yourself."

“By the way, I’ve got to take a run up to Chicago tomorrow, and will return just in time for the ball. I want you to see that my suit is made right and ready for that evening, will you?”

“Sure, I’ll stay right with the tailor ’till it’s done.”

THE CHANCE OF A
LIFETIME

The Chance of a Lifetime

NOW, here was the chance for me; you bet I saw that the suit was made all right. If Pauline stuck to him after that ball he could have her with my consent.

Now, suppose some gazabel would do you a turn such as this fellow did; wouldn't you use your sense of reciprocity and see that he got "his" good and fine when the opportunity presented itself? Don't I hear you say "Yes"?

This was an odd sort of affair from the beginning, as printed invitations had been sent out with the request not to bring ladies with us, as company of the

female variety had already been selected for the occasion, and giving instructions as to how we should dress; also how the ball would be conducted; that it would be something out of the ordinary.

Bates talked about what a grand time he would have that evening, and that he was sure to work himself in good and solid with Miss Pauline on that occasion.

His suit was made strictly according to orders and the result was very satisfactory. The suit was sewed so that when I wanted to pull a thread out of it the whole works would fall apart.

His shoes were injected with a healthy dose of Limburger cheese and I paid a man to fix a sack of flour above the door of our room so that it would spill its contents on him should he return to the hotel

before I did. In my opinion, things were certainly developing for a great time at the ball, and if Bates didn't make a hit, it wouldn't be anybody's fault.

"Certainly expect to show these guineas a few tricks about how dancing should be conducted tonight," remarked Bates as we entered the hall.

"If you don't attract attention tonight I'll find out the reason," I answered. Knowing what was going to happen, I was so full of laughing material I thought I'd certainly bust before things got to going. He swung on to Miss Pauline as soon as he spotted her out, and it wasn't very long before he was gliding around the hall.

"Bates," interrupted Pauline, "don't you think there is something about this place that doesn't smell exactly right?"

"Yes," said Bates, with the remark that the odor was getting stronger all the time.

"Can you detect the sort of perfume it is?" asked the young lady.

"No, I can not, and certainly don't envy the owner of it."

"The odor is getting more offensive every minute," continued Pauline with a somewhat dilapidated countenance.

"I'll see if some of the boys have also detected that horrible smell," said Bates, looking nervous and anxious. By this time every one in the hall had gotten a nose full and were looking at each other in wonderment.

He came to me, remarking, "That some one had brought some d—— bad perfume with them."

"Very much so. It smells like Limburger to me."

"By gosh! That's just what it is, and I'll bet some one has doped one of us with it," remarked Bates, with a suspicious look.

"Announce that you have detected the odor of Limburger and that it is your impression some one has been tricked," I suggested. He took the floor and made the following announcement in a loud and nervous voice:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am quite sure that there is not one among us who is not aware of a very offensive odor about this hall. To all appearances this place seems to be clean and healthy and there is no doubt but that some one has been the victim of a most hellish trick.

We have all agreed that the odor is that of Limburger cheese. Now, in order not to make this evening (so well prepared for the enjoyment of everybody here) a failure, and as no one knows whom the guilty party is, I would suggest that all the men folks pass into the private room and examine every corner of his clothes. It is my opinion that the men alone are apt to be the victims ; then we can resume the evening's pleasure as though nothing had happened."

Yells of "That fellow is all right" was the returned appreciation of the listeners. His suggestion was acted upon and every one but Bates returned to the hall with a smile on his face, ignorant of the party who had caused such consternation. He came in with a sort of slow

and nervous step and wondering look—but he is a fellow full of brass and iron nerve; one who believes in forgetting his troubles, so his face soon took up the old smile. My risibilities were so affected with the success of my scheme that I found it absolutely necessary to leave for awhile and compose my features. I simply cried with laughter for a few moments, then came back to the hall when nearly all had resumed dancing. Bates had purchased another pair of shoes and was enjoying himself as though nothing had happened. If trouble would stay away when forgotten, the joys of many would be lengthened.

Bates' troubles had just begun and while he had forgotten his first dose, he was soon to "get his" in large quanti-

ties. Things went on pretty smoothly until supper was served, when I took a chair beside Pauline.

On occasions of this kind it seems as though everybody feels a little squirmish; they can't sit still and are not satisfied with only a few things—the whole show is wanted, and people always have more room to store away the stuff than at any other time—life is at its liveliest. Pauline was acting as though she were sitting on a red-hot plate and everybody else must have had a dose of it.

“Say, Pauline, I believe there is something wrong with Bates' coat in the seam of his collar; see that white thread?”

“Oh, yes,” she exclaimed, attracting everybody's attention. “One moment, Bates; let me pull out that white thread;”

it doesn't look very good sticking out there. My goodness! how long is it?"

"Oh! That's all right," interrupted Bates. "You see the time was so short in which to have my suit made that the tailor had to make a hurry-up job of it, and I presume overlooked the removal of some bastings."

Well, sir, things began to show signs of a strong finish, and the house will certainly enjoy a grand scene to Bates' sorrow.

Some one told a funny story about a white thread and Bates gave a hearty laugh. Suddenly his coat fell down below his shoulders and gave him the appearance of being rigged out in a low-necked dress. Then his sleeves began to give way. The people were beginning to

realize his situation and laughed at him. He sobered very suddenly—his countenance couldn't have changed quicker if some one had pasted him with a piece of lemon pie. He got up from the table with a "Well, I'll be d——d," and ran out of the reception room into the hall; on his way out he got tangled up in his trousers, which were falling, and finally reached the floor. In his excitement he yelled, "Friends, hell is in this room, get out!"

He ran through the street to his room, which was but a few blocks away, like a wild deer. I followed to stop him, thinking he had had enough. It was my intention to prevent his getting that other dose which was certainly awaiting him. I saw him open the door and the flour



“Bates Getting the Final Dose”

fell—poor boy—the last blow is the one that does the biz. He turned and ran out of the house. I tried to catch him, but he knocked me down, saying, "Let me get out, and run for your life, the world is coming to an end."

The night watchman arrested him after a long and hard chase and lodged him in the calaboose. To save him the humiliation of being locked up all night, I tried to get him out, but the police wouldn't stand for it until he had been examined by the doctor. The next day, after the examination, the physician pronounced him sound and sane and asked him why he was running through the streets in such a negligee and reckless manner. He answered, "I hadn't noticed until I was placed in this dungeon that my clothes wasn't with me; everything seems like a dream."

PHONE CONVERSATION

Phone Conversation

"H'lo."

"H'lo."

"Thatchoo, Bates?"

"Yeh, Hoozat?"

"Smee—Pauline."

"H'lo, Pauline! Smatter?"

"Nothin'—though'd call yup and tell you I worriedover yuh a'night, and—"

"Ah, no, not over me; mustabena dream, for I staid in the calaboose all night."

"Wat kinda place ezat?"

"Ida know, onletsa place where the p'lice puts a man who looses his clothes before he gets 'ome."

"Dontchoo know watsa calaboose?"

"You don't meana jail?"

"Well, it's the closest thing towit I ever wanta get into."

"Say, Pauline, howjuh feel after that disastrous dance?"

"All right, but it spoiled everything for you."

"Oh, no! Dontchoo suppose if yuh were to find your shoes fulla cheese, which carried a bad smell, and lose your clothes in a crowded hall, and run 'ome only to'ave a sacka flour jump into your face, you'd think you'd had a lively time?"

"Juhknow, I think that sawful and Jim is the cosovit all."

"Nodoubt aboutit—willfixem ifican. I think the best way t'do it sfar us to stick together."

"I'll doat alright. Comminover soon?"

"Guesso, tomorrow."

"Say, Pauline, jeer anythin' more about that special act of mine that night?"

"Nothin' particular, only Billy Woodgate had to poke in eznose and say something."

"Wat strubble withim?"

"Letcha know soon. Say, Bates, don't tell wattitoldjuh about Billy Woodgate. B'shoor ancomover tomorrow. Which dress juh want me to put on—the pale blue?"

"Sure, the ribless one."

"B'by."

"G'by."

A DODGING GAME

A Dodging Game

THE reports of all the different things Bates would hand me on our first meeting was the cause of my walking many blocks out of my usual route to avoid his kindness of heart, for I think this is one of the traits in human nature which is very susceptible to a quick change under almost any condition. I've come to the conclusion that all these fellows who follow you with pockets full of kindness are the ones most willing to turn their breeches wrong side out for a five spot—that's been my experience.

I was getting mighty tired of doing all

this walking for nothing and thought it well to save the leather of my shoes, for I might need it in another mad chase of another damsel. It occurred to me the other day that the dog who does the loudest barking is the one less apt to bite, and so proceeded to switch onto my old route. I had not looked the old street full in the face when up bobs my long-lost friend, Bates.

“Well, well, well! Where in the devil have you been, Jim?”

“Oh, I’ve been doing the dodging act until yesterday, when I heard that you had lots of good things to hand me.”

“Well, I don’t know—about the only thing I could loosen up is a good bunch of news; if I were to tell you I doubt very much whether you would agree with me.”

"Is that so, let's hear it."

"No, I'll not break the news to you until later on. I want to talk about that G-r-a-n-d Ball."

"Haven't you forgotten about that yet?"

"Forgotten it!" exclaimed Bates.

"Well, I should say not. How could I when I was so well impressed with it, that I left more skin and flesh on the ball room floor and steps than there was left on that portion of my anatomy I might call the north end. I had to use a cushion for two weeks afterwards and eat from the mantel; and don't you forget it, in the future all my clothes will be made from my own instructions; no more trusting for mine. On the level, Jim, don't you think it was a pretty raw piece of work?"

"Sure it was, but what else could you expect?"

"That's true, too, but don't you think you could have come at me with a different proposition?"

"Certainly, but the surest way is the quickest, you know."

"Did you stay until the end of the dance?"

"Sure, we all left after you had gone. The curtain always drops with the last act, which is very often the best, and in this case there wasn't any use for an encore."

"Now, I think it must have been a funny sight."

"Funny, well I should say so. You were a lovely picture grabbing here and there for your clothes as though the floor had been trying to rob you of 'em."

"Yes, and when I reached the room, I thought I had landed into a flour mill."

"Well, you know some people, even though they have a full stomach, need some desert to top it off—that was yours!"

"Well, I tell you, Jim," said Bates, with a sort of down in the stomach look, "that's the tack which nailed the coffin, so far as dancing and balls are concerned—no more for me."

"What about that bunch of good news?"

"Well, I just want to tell you that that little piece of work you did at the dance for me didn't do the work as you expected, for Pauline and I are thicker than ever—that's good news, isn't it? Let me add a little more to that—we are going to

be married next week ; that's some more good news, isn't it?"

"Sure it is, but let me give you a tip right here. There is such a thing as carrying a joke too far, and the man who is paying for cream and getting milk is pretty apt to get milk in the end and skimmed milk at that ; furthermore, a girl who sticks like this Miss Pauline, you can gamble it's a pretty safe bet that she is a good and fine girl to let some other fellow marry. You know one of the hardest jobs a man has ever had is to look pleasant when the laugh is on him. As far as I'm concerned, you've run a good and honest race and you've beat me to the wire, but after looking at the prize I didn't think it was worth the burning of the candle, so slowed up before I was half way."

"I understand that you called on her not long ago," remarked Bates. "What kind of a reception did she give you?"

"Well, the girl didn't mean any harm, but let me tell you that she didn't make love to me. I stayed in her house just about long enough to turn around and run out."

"Well, anyway, it's good news, isn't it? Let's shake hands on the subject."

"Yes, and may she be a devil to you as long as she lives with you."

"Say, Jim, I was thinking about you yesterday and wishing I could see you. I was in need of five dollars and am in the same condition today. I need it for only a couple of days—sure, you can depend on it then. Between you and I, I'm going to quit down there next week unless they give me another fifty."

“And maybe you think that’s some more good news, isn’t it?” Out another five, that’s all.

Think of it! To be married and borrowing five dollars. The Lord help the sucker.

MARRIED LIFE

Married Life

MARRIAGE — wonder what that is? It must be a sort of an adventurous thing for a fellow to do—an hazardous one—a most strenuous undertaking; it takes a ton of courage, and while Bates displayed class and true gameness thus far, I can see his finish among the also was.

Married life is like many other things; a little of it once in a while is better than lots of it all the while. But when a fellow is a believer in “change of pasture makes a fat calf,” there is nothing to it but “me to the prairie or bust,” and in most cases the exploding point is soon in sight.

Just the other day I met Bates and he looked kind of cloudy in the face. "How about it?" I remarked, "have you all the essentials that go to make a good home?"

"Well, I reckon I have; my wife just coughed up the last payment on the cook stove."

"So you think a man, a woman and a cook stove are all the necessities of an ideal home, do you?"

"Certainly, what else would you have?"

"Well, my idea is that your home will never be complete until you cut out the cook stove and put a baby in its place."

"What a h——! Don't you think I'm in deep enough now?"

"Sure, but you know the game gets more interesting the more you get into it; though looking at you I should judge

that you have a pretty bad case of stomach trouble as it is."

"Do you remember," I continued, seeing that Bates was troubled by my remark, "I told you that Pauline was a believer in 'One hold fast is worth two thou shalt have,' and that she was a good girl to let some other fellow worry along with?"

"What's the matter with your left eye? There is a black spot there as big as a dollar. Did she try to get rid of the stove before it was paid for?"

"Say, Jim," said Bates anxiously, "that spot on my eye doesn't look like a dollar does it? If it does I'll not go back home for fear Pauline would try to dig it out, as she is certainly hot after the almighty silver.

"That eye," continued Bates, "is what I got for objecting to her holding up my pants the other night."

"Say, Bates, isn't it true that all good things come to him who waits? So I'm waiting, w-a-i-t-i-n-g, w-a-i-t-i-n-g," and as I continued on my way Bates heaved a sigh, and turned into Gib's place in search of a friend to aid him in forgetting that life is not all a fast track with light weight up, but that the hardest part of our troubles is "all in the breakin' in!"

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